OSAGE VALLEY BANNER.

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TUSCUMBIA, - - MISSOURI.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

The following is the Centennial Ode, written by Paul H. Hayne, which was sung at the recent Yorktown (Va.) Centennial:

I.

Hark! hark! down the century's long-reaching slope,
To those transports of triumph—those raptures of hope!
The voices of main and of mountain combined,
In glad resonance borne on the wings of the wind;
The bass of the drum and the trumpet that thrills
Through the multiplied echoes of jubilant hills!
And mark! how the years, melting upward like mist,
Which the breath of some splendid enchantment has kissed,
Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore,
The proud pageant of conquest that graced them of yore.

CHORUS.—Where blended forever in love as in fame,
See! the standard which stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

II.

Oh! stubborn the strife, ere the conflict was won!
And the wild-whirling war-wrack half-stifled the sun;
The thunders or cannon that boomed on the lea
But re-echoed far thunders pealed up from the sea
Where guarding his sea-lists—a knight on the waves—
Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff bull-dogs of Graves—
The day turned to darkness, the night changed to fire,
Still more fierce waxed the combat, more deadly the ire—
In majestic advance, behold where they ride—
Undimmed by the gloom—o'er the red battle-tide.

CHORUS.—Those banners united in love and in fame—
The brave standards which drew from the starbeams their flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

III.

No respite! no pause! by the York's tortured flood
The gray Lion of England is writhing in blood!
Cornwallis may chafe, and coarse Tarlton aver—
As he sharpens his broadsword and buckles his spur—
"This blade, which so oft has reaped Rebels like grain,
Shall now harvest for death the rude yeoman again,"
Vain boast! for ere sunset he's flying in fear,
With the rebels he scouted close, close in the rear!
The French on his flank hurl such volleys of shot
That e'en Gloucester's redoubt must be growing too hot.

CHORUS.—Thus wedded in love, as united in fame,
Lo! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame—
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

IV.

O! morning superb! when the siege reached its close!
See! the sundawn outbloom like the alchemist's rose!
The last wreaths of smoke from dim trenches upcurled
Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.
Joy! joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the foe,
With his battle-flags furled and his arms trailing low,
Respect for the brave! In grim silence they yield,
And in silence they pass with bowed heads from the field.
Then triumph transcendant! So Titan of tone
That some vowed it must startle King George on his throne!

CHORUS.—O! wedded in love, as united in fame,
See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame—
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

V.

When Peace to her own timed the pulse of the land
And the war-weapon sunk from the war-wearied hand,
Young Freedom, upborne to the height of the goal—
She had yearned for so long with deep travail of soul—
A song of her future raised, thrilling and clear,
Till the woods leaned to hearken, the hill slopes to hear!
Yet, fraught with all magical grandeurs that gleam
On the hero's high hope or the patriot's dream,
What future, tho' bright, in cold shadow shall cast
The stern beauty that haloes the brow of the Past?

CHORUS.—O! wedded in love as united in fame!
See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

THE MOUNTAINS FALLING.

Details of the Land-Slip in Switzerland—Scores of People Swallowed Up—Elm and How It Was Destroyed.

A terrible calamity has fallen upon this once lovely village of Elm. Nine years ago on a bright June morning I saw Elm for the first time. To well describe Elm as it appeared on that bright day would be no easy task, yet even the dullest pen could not fail to gain some inspiration from a recollection of the scene. No other spot in all the Alps could boast so many and such varied attractions. Three thousand and odd feet above the level of the sea, it nestled half in the valley, half clinging to the hillside in a deep basin formed by great mountain peaks which towered above. Just over the village rose the Plattenberg and Mittaghorn to a height of from 4,600 to 6,700 feet, while beyond and all about the Piz Segnes, 9,-756 feet high, the Sardonstock, 9,162 feet high, the Hausstock, 9,456 feet, and the Vorab, 9,075 feet, all crowned with everlasting snow, reflected the bright summer sun back into the green valley far below. Three well-sized brooks, coming from the glaciers comparatively near at hand, united above the village to form the little River Sernf, which flowed through it to the lowlands far away. On its banks broad fields spread out through the valley, and, though the season was always short, so carefully were they cultivated that the people never wanted for an abundance of vegetables and fruit. So situated, so blessed by nature, the 1,100 inhabitants of Elm, well housed in strong dwellings of wood and cement built after the Alpine fashion, lived industrious, healthy, and contented lives.

The terrible calamity which has overtaken them did not come without warning. Indeed, the people of Elm are, in a measure, themselves responsible for the great trouble with which they have been visited. This statement and the causes which led to the destruction of the village may be briefly explained. For years past the inhabitants of the Sernf Valley have found in the extensive slate quarries of the Tschingelalp or Plattenberg one of their chief sources of revenue. As has already been stated, the berg or mountain in question rises to a height of several thousand feet just behind what was the village. It is composed, as the event has proved, of a loose, scaly material, exceedingly liable to crack and give way. Into the base of this crumbling and treacherous mountain the quarrymen of Elm dug in former years without any regard to the laws of science or the simplest principles of engineering. Recently they have been more cautious, but their caution came too late. In a word, they cut away the foundations of the mountain, and at last, as a natural consequence, it has fallen upon them. That here was some danger of a land-slide from the Plattenberg has long been known in Elm. Within the past three or four months slight falls of stone and mud have been of frequent occurrence after heavy rains, yet the people never for a moment thought of leaving the beautiful home to which they were so much attached, and even experts who examined the mountain seem to have had no idea of the full extent of the danger to which they were exposed. So, in fancied security and entire ignorance of the awful fate which was in store for them, they lived on.

Meanwhile, the almost unparalleled rains of summer were slowly but surely completing the work which had been begun by the thoughtless or ignorant quarrymen scores of years ago. The end came on the evening of Sunday, September 11—in the "Saints Calendar," current in some parts of Switzerland, marked "The Day of Felix, saint of luck and happiness." During the early part of that day, the people of Elm went about their usual vocations in the usual way and without any anticipation of the terrible calamity which was so near at hand. The little church was well attended, hearty dinners were eaten, and afterward, as was the custom, most of the people, old and young, walked through the meadows or upon the mountain side. At five o'clock in the evening, while many of them were still out in the fields, some one was heard crying: "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive, say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone had slipped down from the Tschingelalp, burying fine houses and covering acres of good land. Men and women were at the same time seen struggling among the ruins, and from all sides friends, neighbors and relatives hurried to their aid. Unhappily, they hurried also to a terrible death. Even while they were engaged in their work of love the mountain above them moved again. This time the sound of thunder was not far distant, but only too near at hand. The pine trees on the grassy slopes were seen to sink. A great cloud of dust and steam covered the whole valley, thousands of tons of stone were hurled through the air. An all-overpowering wind-pressure carried everything before it; there was a horrible crash, a sound of madly-rushing torrents; and all was still. Then the dust and smoke cleared away, the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and it was seen that, as far as the eye could reach, the once-blooming Sernf Valley was covered with from forty to one hundred and sixty feet of black stone, moraine, dirt and slime. Forty dwelling-houses, the best in the village, together with dozens of stables and outbuildings, were buried far out of sight, torn to pieces by the air-pressure, strewn broadcast over the moraine. One hundred and eleven of the people of Elm were swallowed up in the general ruin. At least twelve strangers—Italian quarrymen—shared their fate. It was useless to think of rescuing any who fell in that awful death slough. Far out upon its edge, from a strong house, which was only partially covered with the slime and stone, four persons—a graybeard of ninety-one years and a mother with two children—were taken out badly injured, but alive. Every other human being overtaken in the path of the avalanche was forever buried out of human sight. Fifteen lumps of torn and bleeding flesh, masses of pulp without shape or form, were taken out. The others rest in a grave so deep and strong that no man can uncover it. In one house thirteen persons who sat at a christening feast, and who are known to have joked with each other in regard to the old superstition about thirteen at a table, were swallowed up as they sat. On a lonely hillside, out of the way of danger, an old man and woman lived with their only son. After the first slide of the mountain the father and son hurried down to the help of their friends. They were swallowed up with the rest. A childless widow, who has become a chattering idiot, now occupies the lonely dwelling. Daughters who hurried to the help of their fathers, mothers who would have saved their children, lovers who strove to aid their brides, were together buried in the awful moraine. It is feared that many of those who have been left behind will share the fate of the poor creature who, mourning a husband and a son, has gone mad with sorrow.

The extent of the land-slip is almost beyond belief. To give anything like an adequate idea of it is no easy task. It is no way to be compared to the Golden slip of 1806, when, as it will be remembered, 457 people lost their lives. In the latter case the mountains slid down and covered the village. At Elm a great mass of the Plattenberg, a mass 1,500 feet wide, at least 2,000 feet high above the valley, and, according to the engineers, from sixty to 100 feet deep, fell over upon the village, its farms, gardens and meadows. Tons of rock were dashed entirely across the valley, and now rest quietly 300 and 400 feet high upon the hillside. The air-pressure was so great that houses were lifted up from their foundations and carried a distance of 1,000 feet. A barn built of logs and filled with hay, was carried entirely across the valley and overturned 200 feet high on the mountain opposite the Plattenberg. An iron bridge which crossed the Sernf was torn up, carried scores of feet away from its abutments, and now rests on end more than half buried in mud and loose stone. The whole valley, as far as it can be seen from the village inn, which is still standing, very closely resembles the bed of a glacier which has receded. As I have already stated, the masses of stone and earth which have fallen are everywhere piled up to a height of very many feet. At least 500 acres are covered in this way. The River Sernf has made for itself a new channel through the debris, and has flooded and ruined much of the land below—land which was not directly harmed by the avalanche of stone. So, in one way or another, the whole valley has been injured beyond all hope of repair. The loss in property will reach not less than 2,000,000 francs; at the lowest estimate 123 people have lost their lives. The State Engineers, fearing further land slides, have forbidden those who have escaped to return to the houses which remain standing, and in consequence more than 800 men, women and children who, but a few days ago were prosperous and well-to-do, are now almost without a roof to cover them.—*Elm, (Switzerland) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

What a Cheap Cigar Will Do.

The moral influence of a cigar is greater than that of the finest speech delivered since the days of the Roman Republic. No man should set out on a journey without providing himself with at least fifty cheap cigars. Those which can be bought for two cents each are just as good as those sold for a dime, and the gift of one is rewarded with just the same courtesy. You are in a hurry to change trains and re-check baggage. The checkman doesn't care two cents whether you are left or not, and the chances are that you would be left but for the cigar. Edge up to him, drop the cigar into his fingers and ask him to re-check you to Indianapolis and you are fixed in six seconds. Hours later, when he comes to sit down for a smoke, he may remember your phiz and bless it, but you are far away.

The brakeman on a passenger train studies gruffness. You can't offer him money nor ask him out to take a glass of beer, but if you want to know exactly how long you have to wait at Hanover Junction, and how long it takes you to run from there to Washington, just tender him a two-cent cigar. His granite countenance will instantly melt and run all over his face, and he will feel himself bound to not only answer all inquiries, but to tell you how to save two shillings in getting your supper at Quantico.

Ticket agents in depots have a stereotyped set of answers, and it almost breaks their necks to have a man come along and ask something new. The cigar dodge works beautifully on them. Approach them with a smile, extend the weed, and observe:

"Say, old fellow, when do I leave here to make close connection with the Erie at Elmira?"

Out comes his time-tables and railway guide, and he'll not only fix you to a second, but give you the population of every station on the road. A two-cent cigar will stop any citizen of any city and make him feel happy to answer a dozen questions. It will direct you to the best hotel, point out the best sights, make street-car conductors talk, give you the best seat in the omnibus, and accomplish all that gold or silver could do. No man should travel without them, and tobacconists should make two brands for travelers. One brand should contain old rope, rags and scraps of leather and be sold for a cent. This brand would be for officials who are really good at heart, and whose sudden removal from earth would bring sorrow to large families. The other brand should have a torpedo in the center, warranted to blow out six teeth and drive the end of the nose up at an angle of forty-five degrees. These could probably be sold for a cent and a half a-piece, and would be given out wherever it was deemed necessary to teach an official that civility toward travelers benefits a road far more than the busting of three trunks.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Soda or baking-powder biscuits must be handled as little and made as rapidly as possible.

All About the Weather.

"Pretty warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the South Hill car was coming down the Division street slope.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more gruffly than ever.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't begun it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather different from any other?"

The man with the thin clothes looked nervously at the duo mule and said "it was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the—

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind; "no; it's warmer some places, and some places it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?" remorselessly pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said, piteously; "the sun; the effect of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others?" roared the man in the corner, indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man with thin clothes hastened to explain, "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner.

The man in thin clothes wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said, slowly, "he guessed it was the ice."

"What ice?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Why," the victim said, with every symptom of approaching dissolution apparent in his tremulous voice, "The ice that was—frozen—frozen—by the frost."

"Did you ever see any ice that wasn't frozen?" howled the man in the corner, in a fine burst of derision.

The man in thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said: "No; that is, he believed he didn't."

"Then," thundered the man in the corner, "what are you talking about?"

The man in thin clothes made an effort to brace up, and spleily replied that he was trying to "talk about the weather."

"And what do you know about it?" triumphantly roared the man in the corner. "What do you know about the weather?"

The man in thin clothes lost his grip again, and feebly said that "he didn't know very much about it, that was a fact." And then he tried to be cheerful, and work in a little joke about nobody being able to know much about this weather, but the man in the corner sat down on him with a tremendous outburst.

"No, sir! I should say you didn't. You come into this car and force yourself on the attention of a stranger and begin to talk to me about the weather, just as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter yourself selected for your topic of conversation; you don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles, or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know why icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes nearer the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sunstruck in the shade; you can't tell me how a cyclone is formed, nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm center of a storm if your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is, nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don't know the average rain-fall in the United States for the past and current year; you don't understand the formation of fog, and you can't explain why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you don't know why a wind dries the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather, and you are just like a thousand and one other people, who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the caves of Boreas, sir, they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world!"

And the man in the corner glared up and down at the timid passengers in the South Hill car, but no man durst answer him. And, as for the man with thin clothes, he didn't know for the life of him whether he had a sun-stroke or an ague chill. He only knew that it seemed about twenty-seven miles to the Jefferson street crossing.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Oldest Living Twins.

Probably the oldest twins in existence in all this country are George and Edmund Gravely, who, in good health, are still living within five miles of each other and within three miles of where they were born at Leatherwood Post-office, in Henry County, Va. They will be ninety-three years old the 1st of December, 1881. Their mother lived to be over 100, and their father died at the age of ninety. Leatherwood is the same place in Henry County where in 1861 ninety-six Gravelys voted the Whig ticket.—*Reidsville Times.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—John G. Whittier will be seventy-four years old on the 17th of December next.

—George Bancroft, the historian, has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday. He is living at Newport.

—Beaconsfield's statue is to stand in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, next to that of Sir Robert Peel.

—A French Shakespeare Society is talked of among Parisian writers who are acquainted with English literature.

—King Oscar, of Sweden, has recently finished a new drama, called the "Castle of Kronberg," and it is shortly to be published at Stockholm in the Swedish, and at Berlin in the German, languages.

—Mr. F. G. Heath, an Englishman, has for many years been of great service to human kind by writing about ferns and leaves. A London firm is publishing, under his authorship, a book which gives colored figures of autumn leaves.

—Hubert H. Bancroft has just completed at San Francisco a two-story and basement brick building, 40x60 feet, solely for the accommodation of his private library of Pacific coast books, which now number 35,000 volumes, and has become specially rich in original manuscript material for history.

—Miss Lelia J. Robinson is Boston's first woman lawyer. Not being allowed to practice in court, she has made arrangements with prominent gentlemen of the profession to conduct her cases after she has prepared them. She graduated number four in a class of thirty-two from the Boston University Law School.

—Paul H. Hayne, the poet of the South, is described as a man fifty-one years old, medium height, with an olive complexion and dark brown eyes. He lives on a tree-clad hillside, sixteen miles from Atlanta, Ga., and his sitting-room is papered with pictures from the illustrated journals. Longfellow and Whittier are his favorite American poets, although he thinks Holmes the greatest genius.

HUMOROUS.

—"Woman in the abstract"—a female shop-lifter.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Motto for a church bazar—"A fair exchange is no robbery."—*Boston Courier.*

—Potatoes planted must have their eyes about them if they are to come up.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—There is not so much money in the train-robbery business as there is in bank defaulting, but there is more fun.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—"Time is money to me," said Brown. "So?" interrogated Fogg. "Well, lend me fifty, and I'll give you all the time you wish to collect it in."—*Boston Transcript.*

—The man who is a dead-head on the trunk lines from New York to Chicago considers the cut rates a great swindle. He used to save about twenty dollars on a trip; now he saves only seven.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A young lady at Mills Seminary who recently sent us a poem entitled, "Murmurings from the Outer Utterness," is informed that any pecuniary assistance she can send to the widow of the man to whom we gave it to read will be gratefully received by that lady.—*San Francisco Post.*

—"I knew he was no saint," said the parson's wife, referring to a party who occasionally attended church, but whose piety her husband had been in the habit of extolling. "No saint, my dear? I don't understand you." "Don't, eh? Well, I sat in the pew next to him this morning, and when he made believe get down to pray, his knee joints creaked like the rusty hinges of an old barn door."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

All You Think.

Even to your most intimate friends it is not safe to say all you think concerning them or their actions. You are not called upon to gloss over their faults; but you need not expose their follies. Brutality of speaking is too often dignified with the title of sincerity. Some persons pique themselves upon saying all they think, and are continually professing to do so. As a proof of this, they will say things the most shocking to others, and give them pain without the least remorse. Such so-called sincerity is to be suspected. The conduct which an honest heart inspires flows naturally from it; and those who say rough things in order to convince others of their sincerity give some reason to doubt of their being perfectly convinced of it themselves. Their conduct is pernicious to the peace and pleasure of society, and may also lead to very fatal consequences. They do what they can to frighten every one from what is right. If sincerity, then, discovers such a heart, disguise must appear desirable. Few consider sufficiently how much the cause of virtue must suffer, whenever a good quality is made to appear in an unamiable light. Sincerity is, indeed, the groundwork of all that is good and valuable. However beautiful in appearance the structure may be, if it stand not on this foundation it cannot last. But sincerity can hardly be called a virtue in itself, though a deviation from it is a fault. A man may be sincere in his vices, as well as in his virtues. Now he who throws off all remorse or shame, and even makes a boast of his vices, can claim no merit from the sincerity he expresses in so doing. If he who is sincere cannot appear amiable, his heart is wrong, and his sincerity, far from being a virtue, seems only to add to the rest of his faults that of being willing to give pain to others.